

“ In works of mercy on he press'd,  
Despised, malign'd, by man unblest;  
'The savage rais'd his axe to slay,  
And at his feet the martyr lay.

“ One piercing cry, one dying groan,  
Which scarce had echo'd in his home  
Ere the loved partner of his cares  
His last, his dying struggle shares.

“ Together in their blood-red car  
They mount, where martyrs welcom'd are;  
And as they rise they seem to say —  
'Zion avenge this solemn day.'

“ Avenge, by scattering o'er this land  
A faithful missionary band,  
Baptized for the dead, to prove  
How Christians overcome by love!

FREDERICK BROWN.”